

The Watchman and Southron.

THE SUMTER WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850.

"Be Just and Fear not—Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's and Truth's."

THE TRUE SOUTHERN, Established June, 1866

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The Fortunata Fuss.

The Italian Consul in New York Takes it up.

The unfortunate "Fortunata," the Italian bark which was searched by the constables in Charleston harbor, concerning which proceeding considerable has already been said in *The State* and every other newspaper, is still a "casus belli," insofar as wars of words are concerned.

The incident is growing a little more interesting just now, and it may get more interesting still before it is all over. The Italian Consul General stationed at the port of New York has now taken up the matter, and below will be found some interesting correspondence between himself and South Carolina's new governor.

THE CONSUL'S COMPLAINT.

The following is a copy of the letter which Governor Evans has received from the Consul General:

New York, Jan. 25, 1895.

To His Excellency the Governor of South Carolina, Columbia, S. C.:

Sir: I have been informed by Mr. Castellano, the Italian consular agent, that in two separate instances the police of Charleston has, even in spite of his protests, entered the Italian ship "Fortunata" now lying at that port. As a reason for such proceeding it was given out that the captain was suspected of either having actually sold or of wanting to sell the wine which he kept on board, as he had a right to do to the people of the place. If such has been the case, although proceedings of that kind are anything but consistent with the rights which the treaties and international laws secure to foreign shipping in a friendly harbor, I would not appeal to your excellency. I am willing not to claim treaty rights when that might be considered as a protection to people who break the laws of a country where they are admitted to trade.

But that the accusation brought against Capt. Espito was absolutely groundless it had been proved by the examination which the customs had made of the very limited quantity of wine which he kept on board, by the sealing of the casks, etc. The second visit then of the police had no possible ground of justification, and seems to have had no other object but that of making sure that the captain and crew of the vessel were observing themselves prohibition laws to which they are certainly not bound to submit. Even with a good reason, such visit must be objected to, as it was made without asking the consent of the consular authority, in the absence of the captain, and in spite of the protest of the officer who was in charge of the vessel.

I have the honor to request that your excellency will investigate the case and inform me by whose order these steps were taken and on what ground. If things are as I have been informed, your excellency will no doubt issue instructions that such proceedings of the police be not repeated again. I have the honor to be, sir, Your obedient servant,

G. BRANTIA,
Consul General of Italy.

GOVERNOR EVANS' REPLY.

The following is the reply of Governor Evans to this rather sharp letter from the Italian Consul General:

Executive Chamber,

COLUMBIA, S. C., Jan. 29, 1895.

G. Brantia, Senior, Consul General of Italy, New York City:

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 25th inst., in which you ask for information in reference to the search by the constables, or "police," as you call them, of the Italian ship, "Fortunata," lying at the port of Charleston in this State. You have been misinformed as to the number of searches made by the constables, as only one instead of two, was made. These proceedings were had under my orders and under a warrant of a judicial officer of this State upon information therein stated, to the effect that the captain or other officer of said ship were engaged in selling wines or liquors kept on board to citizens of this State, which, of course, as you are doubtless informed, is entirely contrary to our laws and cannot be allowed. The constables before making search, by way of courtesy only, asked for the approval of your consul at the port of Charleston and the same was refused.

Nebraskan Nakedness.

A STATE AS DESTITUTE AS IF RAVAGED BY WAR.

There has been a great deal of talk here in Alabama about hard times. The financial stringency of the whole country for a couple of years followed by five cent cotton in our own section, has made nearly everybody feel blue. The consequence is that nearly all of us have been shaking our heads and bemoaning our condition.

The fact of it, though, is that here in Alabama we don't know anything at all about hard times. It is true that not many of us have any surplus cash, but everybody has plenty to eat, enough to wear and a fairly comfortable roof over his head. We don't appreciate properly the great blessings we have. Like health, we overlook it possession until we lose it.

The best way for us to see how comfortable we really are is to consider the condition of some of our neighbors in this great country. If we could but see the situation of some of the corn and wheat producers of the West, we would realize how fortunate are the raisers of cotton, even at 5 cents. Perhaps the *Advertiser* can assist its readers in these dreary times to see their neighbors and thereby to become cheerful and content—nay, more, to discover that of our actual abundance we can warm our hearts still more by the exercise of generosity.

In opening our mail yesterday, we were surprised to come across a piece of wall paper, all befloored and begilt in the usual way. It seemed a curious thing to be carefully folded up and mailed. Finally, in throwing it down, the thing was turned over to the blank side, and then we were still more astonished. It was found to be an excuse for a copy of the *Weekly Tribune* of Callaway, Neb., dated January 18th, and upon that lone page of print was found this appeal signed by the editor: To Brother Printers:

Aid is being sent here for the farmers, but we can't issue on a barrel of flour or a side of meat, and having run all our white paper through we are using up the wall paper given us, which is about exhausted and only the office towel is left, which has not been washed for seven years. So ask our brother printers to consider our situation, with a family to support, with nothing coming in, and we know their ever-generous disposition will see some way to contribute a little paper or a couple hours' work to keep my paper going, for the good it will do the outside world in telling them how this afflicted, drouth-stricken district is getting along, also to enable us to get shoes and proper wraps for our wife and our children.

All communications will be cheerfully answered and any donation will be acknowledged in the press, whether for us or to be divided with other printers in this district. If other information is needed write to Wm. Van Winkle or the *Tribune*, and I can assure any little gift, if no more than a dime, will be gratefully received.

FRANK W. CONLY.

That is sad enough, but an examination of the news items in the paper shows in what a desperate condition that section of country is. One of the first items is a harrowing detailed account of the occurrence published already in this paper about the suicide of a young wife in childbirth, followed by the self-destruction of the husband, because of their destitution. Another death at Arcadia, almost as distressing, is also found. Then there is a tabulated report of receipts and distribution of food and funds by the local relief committee. Finally there are such significant paragraphs as these:

This week we send about fifty copies of the *Tribune* asking help. We would send a personal letter if we had the money to mail them, but we haven't, so do the best we can.

To have all you want to eat is a luxury in this country nowadays. This setting type with your toes out and the thermometer ten below zero, with a fire of old exchanges, is rather tough on a half fed printer.

The relief committee at Mason City deals out the food to the farmers in that community now twice a week.

A fellow northeast of here stole a sack of flour and when the officer got there to arrest him the children were eating it raw.

It is now estimated that over 12,000 have left this county last fall, in fact, all who could get away went.

The food trains from the South to the drouth sufferers of this State will furnish the sort of union that is needed between the South and West.

It begins to look like the "bloody shirt" chestnut would be buried forever under pyramids of provisions sent by the ever hospitable Southerners, who are rushing the necessities of life as fast as steam can bring them by the train leads to their drouth-stricken brothers in this district. Now comes the good old State of Georgia with twenty-one cars full of provisions to be distributed among their less fortunate Western friends, soon to be fol-

lowed by a train made up at New Orleans.

The *Advertiser* thought that possibly this sheet might be the ingenious fraud of some hard up printer and so to guard against imposition we examined Rowell's Newspaper Directory with this result:

Callaway, Caster Co., 500 pop., 25 m. from Broken Bow, the county seat. Agricultural section. *Tribune*; Saturdays; Democratic, four pages 15x22; subscription \$1; established 1887; Frank W. Conly, editor and publisher; circulation, smallest edition issued within a year, 500.

So there can be no doubt of the genuineness of the paper, or of the truthfulness of its statements. That the editor is truthful, is shown by his certifying to Rowell a circulation of only 500. That he is brave, would be plain from his printing a Democratic paper in that country; that he has grit, by printing any sort of a paper, when his toes are out, the thermometer 10 below zero and with no fire but that from old papers. He is as noble a figure as the physician who stays in a fever hole to help suffering humanity. His appeal is a most worthy one and the *Advertiser* hopes that every newspaper worker, especially those who read this, will respond to his cry for relief. This paper is making up a fund for him in its own office and will add anything that any reader may send.

And now, who can deny that we cotton-beriden people here in sunny Alabama rolling in luxury compared with the drouth-stricken corn raisers of arctic Nebraska? Shouldn't we give thanks and stop croaking?

The Business Man's Way.

The New Richland Mill Will Hum by September.

Without the waving of flags and beating of drums, Mr. W. B. S. Whaley and the gentlemen associated with him in the organization of the Richland Mills Company have, during the last few days, been perfecting their arrangements for the construction of Columbia's latest and most promising enterprise.

The books of subscription have been open for several days and the entire capital stock of \$150,000 has been secured. Mr. Whaley returned this week from a flying trip to New England, where he had been to perfect his arrangements.

Yesterday the purchase of a site for the mill and its village was completed. The property consists of twenty acres—five squares—lying about the railroad junction at the southern edge of the city, in such close proximity to the main line of the Southern, Atlantic Coast Line and the South Carolina and Georgia Railroads as to give freight facilities at the doors of the mill.

A contract for 2,000,000 brick was also made yesterday with Mr. G. A. Guignard, of Lexington, near Columbia, who supplied the brick for the Columbia Mills. This brick is the finest, perhaps, in the South, and impresses every one who sees the great mill already constructed with it.

Mr. Whaley expects to get the work of construction fully under way by the 15th instant, and to complete the mill in the early part of August. The machinery has been engaged to be delivered by June. This machinery is all American, of the best type, and with the very latest improvements, and has been secured at rates lower than any mill in this section has obtained. In fact, this mill will receive the fullest benefit, in all departments, of hard-times prices for material and equipment.

The main building will be 308 feet long by 76 feet wide and will be practically four stories high—three regular stories and a full-height basement. It will be located east of the main line of the South Carolina and Georgia Railroad on Tobacco street. The mill village will have about forty houses and will be located near the mill.

The mill is designed for 20,000 spindles. It will have an instalment from the first 10,000 spindles and will fill up to its maximum. The full complement of looms—550—measuring 46 inches each, will be put in at the start. Seven hundred horse power of steam will be used. Mr. Whaley feels sure that the mill when completed will not cost more than \$150 a spindle, which is far less than the average cost of steam mills in the South. One hundred and fifty hands will be employed from the first.

The goods to be made by the mill will be the finest ever manufactured in the South, and a make which has only recently been attempted by one Northern mill. The product will be fine sheetings, fully equal to the "Fruit of the Loom," and it is assured by the Northern agents of a large and profitable trade.

A meeting of the incorporators was held last evening, at which many details were arranged.—*The State*.

Even in the kingdom of Korea there are Jews, and one of them keeps a hotel, at which his co-religionists can get kosher meat when they travel as far as Tschai-Moel-Po.

A Terrible Casualty.

The Steamship Elbe, With 350 Souls, Sunk at Sea.

LONDON, January 30.—The North German Lloyd steamship *Elbe*, bound from Bremen for New York, was sunk in a collision with a small steamer, 50 miles off Lowestoft early this morning. She carried 380 souls. But 21 survivors have been landed, but a few others may still be afloat in one of the ship's small boats. At 10 o'clock this evening, the number of lives lost was given out at 350.

The survivors of the wreck were landed at Lowestoft by the fishing smack, *Wild Flowers*, at 5.40 o'clock this evening. They are: Stollberg, third officer; Neussel, first engineer; Weser, paymaster, Schultheiss, Linkmeyer and Sittling, assistant paymasters; Furst, chief stoker; Vieobe, steward; Wenning, Singer and Seibert, sailors; Dreson and Batko, ordinary seamen; Deharde, German pilot; Greenham, English pilot; Hoffman, Lugan, Schlegel and Vera, of Cleveland, Ohio, saloon passengers; Bolthen, a steerage passenger, and Miss Anna Bnecker.

Hoffman's home is in Nebraska. His wife and boy went down with the ship. All of them were in a pitiable condition. The passengers were but half clothed. Their few garments were frozen stiff, their hair was coated with ice, and anxiety and effort had exhausted them so completely that they had to be helped ashore. The officers and sailors were fully dressed, but their clothes had been drenched and frozen and they had been almost paralyzed with cold and fatigue. They had been ashore three hours before they had recovered sufficiently to tell the story of the wreck. Their accounts agree upon the following points:

The *Elbe* left Bremen on Tuesday afternoon. The few hours of the voyage before the disaster were uneventful. At 4 o'clock this morning the wind was blowing very hard and a tremendous sea was running. The morning was unusually dark. Numerous lights were seen in all directions, showing that many vessels were near by. The captain therefore ordered that rockets should be sent up at regular intervals to warn the craft to keep out of the *Elbe's* course. It was near 6 o'clock and the *Elbe* was some fifty miles off Lowestoft, coast of Suffolk, when the lookout man sighted a steamer of about 1,500 tons, approaching. He gave the word and as a precaution, the number of rockets was doubled and they were sent up at short intervals. The warning was without effect. The steamer came on with unchecked speed and before the *Elbe* could change her course, or reduce her speed noticeably, there was the terrific crash of the collision. The *Elbe* was hit abaft her engine room. When the small steamer wrenched away, an enormous hole was left in the *Elbe's* side. The water poured through and down into the engine room in a cataract. The room filled almost instantly. The engines were still and the big hull began to settle.

The passengers were in bed. The bitter cold and rough sea had prevented an early rising, and none except the officers and crew on duty, were on deck when the ship was struck. The shock and crash roused everybody. The steering was in a panic in a moment and men, women and children, half dressed or in their night clothes came crowding up the companionways. They had heard the sound of rushing water as the other steamer backed off and had felt the *Elbe* lurch and settle. They had grasped the fact that it was then life or death with them, and almost to a man had succumbed to their terror. They clung together in groups, facing the cold and storm, and cried aloud for help or prayed on their knees for deliverance. The officers and crew were calm. For a few moments, they went among the terror-stricken groups trying to quiet them and encouraging them to hope that the vessel might be saved. It was soon apparent, however, that the *Elbe* was settling steadily. The officers were convinced that she was about to founder and gave orders to lower the boats. In a short time three boats were got alongside, but the seas were breaking over the steamer with great force and the first boat was swamped before anybody could get into it. The other two boats, lowered at about the same time, were filled quickly with members of the crew and some passengers, but the number was small, as the boats held only twenty persons each.

To Re-Adjust all Rates.

Railroad Commission Decides to Revise all Rates.

The agitation of the matter of reducing the freight rate on fertilizers has stirred the new railroad commission up, and as a result of the whole thing the new commission intends to immediately put into practice rate reform—in other words it has resolved to turn the present system of rates, under which the roads have been operating for many years, upside down and proceed to re-adjust the entire classification of freight rates.

The commission, after a wrangle of a whole day over the fertilizer rate problem, yesterday announced its action as follows:

"Believing that the changed conditions in this State necessitate the readjusting of all rates, and fully realizing the far-reaching effects of any change we might make, and realizing the fact that any reduction of freight on fertilizers now would be too late to be of any material benefit to the public, if made this late this season, as thirty days notice has to be given under the provisions of the law, therefore be it

"Resolved that the board will meet on February 5th, for the purpose of beginning to revise the whole freight rates now in force in this State."

Mr. Wilborn made this endorsement on the paper: "I did not vote for the above resolution for the reason that I am in favor of settling the question of rates on fertilizers at once."

It will thus be seen that the commission will begin the important work decided upon next week—practically at once.—*The State*.

AN ANECDOTE OF LOWELL.

The following is a new anecdote of Lowell, says the *New York Advertiser*. The incident occurred in early spring, when as all housekeepers know, the course of household affairs is apt to be more or less disturbed.

As Mr. Lowell was leaving the house in the morning, his wife said to him:

"Now, James, I beg of you not to bring any one home to dinner to-day. We are too much distracted with house cleaning to cook, and the consequence is that there will be little for us to eat."

Mr. Lowell promised to heed her request, but as ill luck would have it, he met during the day the eldest son of an English family with whom he had been on terms of friendship while minister to the court. In fact, Mr. Lowell's parting words to the young man, only a few months before, had been:

"When you come to America be sure to visit us. A hearty welcome is always ready for you."

Naturally, therefore, he now forgot his wife's admonition, and insisted upon the young Englishman's going with him to dinner.

The meal consisted of "picked fish" and potatoes. The guest was evidently puzzled. He had never eaten "picked fish" before. Mrs. Lowell, meantime, was haunted by thoughts of the apple pie that was to finish the repast. Her sensations may be imagined when the Englishman, after playing daintily with the contents of his plate, remarked in the most courteous manner: "I know that Mrs. Lowell will pardon me if I omit the fish course."

Fight About Freight.

CHARLESTON, Jan. 31.—John A. Smith, of New Orleans, has been selected as manager of the Charleston freight bureau and will begin work within ten days. He was associated with the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad for several years, beginning as depot agent and ending as general freight agent of the lines in Texas, and comes to Charleston with the highest recommendations. The Charleston freight bureau is under the special patronage of the city council and the five commercial bodies of the city and will make a fight to the finish against the discriminations which have been practiced against this city and other South Atlantic ports.

An abbreviated edition of the Talmud is to be prepared for use in this country, says the *New York Sun*. The unnecessary digressions and apparent interpolations will be omitted. The text will be improved by the addition of punctuation marks while the running commentaries of Rashi and others will be printed in the ordinary square characters.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE